





## The Flowers of Spring.

"Fair-haired Spring, unknown every year;  
Thou art the snow-drop and the crocus first,  
The daisy, primrose, violet, and blue,  
And lavish stock that accents the garden round."  
The wild flowers also bloom along our path,  
Blushing with every grace; their fragrance shed  
Through balmy groves, and fill the richest scene.

Here is a world of wisdom! See these beautiful flowers that deck the brow of the virgin Spring. How fair Nature paints her charms, adorns her varied scenes, and lends enchantment to every prospect! Here is the garden rich in fragrance, and yonder the woods and meadows smile invitingly with the flowers of Spring. Look at their multitudinous forms, size and colors; count their numerous appendages; taste their fragrance, and let the eye delight itself in viewing the skillful workmanship of the great Creator, and then tell me if there is aught so fair. The grandeur of the revolving spheres strike us with silent admiration; the mighty ocean fills us with terror and awe; the tall pine waves in sublimity over the everlasting mountains; but these more humble glories of the Creator, at once lovely and beautiful, can charm, elevate and fill.

"The flowers that can render home pleasant and inviting, give enchantment to domestic life, and often awaken in the bosom, inexpressible emotions. They too, above all, kindle in the heart of the devout, deep aspirations to the fountain source of all beneficence and delight. I would rather call the wild wood flowers of Spring, drink in the fragrance of the flower garden, pluck the daisy and the cowslip, count the beauties of the tulip and the glories of the lily, and like the bee that sucks sweetness from every flower, learn the wisdom of God, and learn some instructive lesson from each floral emblem, than to revel in the gaudy splendor of the saloon, and have the applause of thousands attend my steps. "Tis the God of creation that gives the Tulip its beauty, that fills the Rose with sweetest fragrance, and clothes the Lily in all its glory. "I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Solomon was a great man; unequalled in wisdom, unrivaled in wealth, and clad with a nation's glory; yet in all his glory and splendor he was not arrayed or beautified, in the eye of God himself, like this humble flower.

We have thought that the individual, who can observe the beauty and the decay of flowers without reflection or without emotion, is much to be pitied. It certainly evinces, in such an one, a defective taste if not a defective heart. When we arrive in that world of blessedness, if permitted to wander through the fair gardens, o'er the green fields, and through the balmy groves of Paradise, to resume our appropriate work in tracing the wisdom of the great Creator, methinks it would be sweet employ; but higher joys will be ours; yet doubtless this will form a constituent part in the employment of that "land of pure delight."

"Where everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers;"  
[Ohio Cultivator.]

## Elliot's Thoughts on Peace.

How WAR is now regarded.—No one now justifies war in itself. By common consent it is denounced as an accursed thing—worse than the destruction which wasteth at noonday. The martial array no longer appears as a beautiful pageantry; the battle trumpet no longer delights the ear. We associate with the sword its deeds of blood, and deem it no more suitable for an ornament than the surgeon's knife. We look upon the parade of arms, and think of the death-agonies of the battlefield, and consider its pomp and display, its "form and circumstance," as unfitted for the duty of the soldier, as they would be for the public executioner. If it be necessary to destroy life in any manner, we no longer attach to it either glory or honor. There is a true democracy looking in upon the world! Each man is considered as a brother, whatever be his country or his home, or however poor or degraded he may be. Individual life is no longer considered of little value. Happiness to the people is more thought of now than the glory which associated itself in times past with the talent for human destruction.

What patriot will now tell the people that war is not an accursed thing, when it bids thousands and thousands of them abandon their wives and children, and happiness, that they may fill the ditch for other men's good, when it compels so many to sell themselves, their liberty, their rights, making them mere automata, moving at the mere nod of another, without the semblance of freedom, and this for a few dollars a month?

What Christian shall say that war is not an accursed thing, when it is known that there is not a crime that it does not sanction,—not a sin that it does not produce; practically suspending the laws of God, making robbery and murder a duty? Who, let me ask, can say that war is not an accursed thing, when the soul sickens as it looks upon its horrid scenes of suffering and moral degradation? What two nations exerting themselves to the utmost for human destruction—using all their skill, all their knowledge, by force and by stratagem, in the night and in the day, on the ocean and on the land, to banish happiness from the earth, and to fill it with crime and misery! and is not this an accursed thing? Yet we are told that it is at times necessary, at times expedient, at times Christian-like. With one breath it is denounced as the worst of evils, and then it is spoken of as essential to the happiness, the well-being, the prosperity of the nation!

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS. Artists have delineated his crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is that he ascended the St. Bernard in that grey surcoat which he usually wore, upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing even in the difficult passes, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere, conversing with the officers scattered in the road, and then at intervals, questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, like any idle traveler who has nothing better to do. The guide, who, quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt because for the want of a little money he could not marry one of the girls of his valley.

The first Consul, sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered arrived at Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quartermaster of the army who had been left on the other side of St. Bernard.—In the evening the young man on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveler it was whom he had guided in the

morning, and that Gen. Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition.

The mountaineer died not long since in his own country, the owner of land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular act of beneficence at a moment when his mind was engaged with such mightier interests is worthy of attention. [Thier's History of the Consulate.]

KETCHING AN HEIRESS IN KENTUCKY.—It appears that a very rich old widow, lady by the name of M——, had an only daughter, who was a most beautiful creature, and could command the heart of the proudest of Kentucky's sons; but she straggled to say, loved a little gentleman tailor, by the name of P——, who had been so fortunate as to woo her without her mother's knowledge. At length, the fact became known to the parents' ears and she forbade the young P—— her house. A few weeks after the old lady had occasion to be absent one evening till a late hour, of course the lovers did not let such an opportunity pass, of spending the evening together, and when they heard Mrs. M—— returning, the lover not being able to escape, was put safely into a large closet. On the entrance of Mrs. M——, she, having had a hint from a faithful servant, made bold to question her about her lover, and declaring that he had just gone out of the house. This the dame stoutly denied, but her exclamation would not believe her, and as a terrible punishment ordered her to be locked up in the dark closet, there to remain till broad daylight. On her opening the closet door next morning Mrs. M—— was thunderstruck at beholding her daughter asleep in the young tailor's arms! It is needless to add that the mother no longer opposed their union, on that very day the blushing girl was united to her honorable lover, and they are now enjoying all the blisses and kisses of their romantic honeymoon.—Louisville Courier.

"WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER." A fellow named Harman was arrested last evening, and taken to the watch-house for insulting a married lady in Lowell street. He approached her and offered to accompany her home, which offer she accepted for the purpose of bringing theascal to justice. He entered the house with her, and the lady then informed several gentlemen of "the game" she had played, and they attempted to take him under their "special care." To this she objected, and sitting a chair, he struck one of the gentlemen on the head, seriously wounding him, and made a leap for the window; however, he was not successful, for he was caught by the legs as he was going through the window; but he used his cane so freely while in this position that it was thought best to "drop him." He was pursued after he had got to the street, and finally captured.—He will probably be examined before the Police to-day.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT TREASURE.—We find the following story in the Columbus (Georgia) Enquirer.—"We learn from a source which we think entitled to full credit, that a large deposit of silver coin was discovered about two weeks since on the East bank of the Altamaha river, about five miles below the junction of the Ocmulgee and Oconee, in Tatnall County. The place is called Milligan's Bluff, near Hall's Ferry. The circumstances related are, that a man by the name of John Mazo, discovered three dollars, which had become exposed by the blowing up of a tree. He commenced examining the earth below, and the coin continued to appear, until he had exhumed the handsome amount of Forty-five Thousand Spanish Dollars. They appeared to have been deposited in canvass bags, and at some remote period, as the latest date on the coin was over 160 years since.

The place where they were found had the appearance of an ancient fortification, such as are common in many parts of Georgia, several of which may be seen in this vicinity. When or by whom this deposit was made, does not admit of a reasonable conjecture. It is undoubtedly, from the date of the coin, more recent than the expeditions of De Soto and others, of which we have some authentic account.

The money, we understand, was found on the land of Mrs. Gray, a widow, in needy circumstances, and a relative of the fortunate discoverer, who has shared it with her."

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Most persons who have been in the habit of attending public worship at St. Paul's church, in this city, are familiar with the decrepit old lady who always occupied a seat placed for her in front of the altar between the reading desk and the pulpit—the aged poor of the church, as she has sometimes been called, or "the old lady of a hundred years old." She was ever faithful in her attendance at the sanctuary, and her health being robust, considering her advanced years, she has been able until recently, to enjoy the religious services of the Sabbath, with but slight intermission. "Old Mrs. Chase" has at length "finished her course," having died on the 10th inst., after six weeks suffering. She was an extraordinary person, and we know of no one in the city within many years of her age. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Saunders; and her father was Governor Hancock's factotum, before the Revolution, and after it also we believe. She was born in Boston on the 27th of October, 1736—or '37, thus having lived to the wonderful age of one hundred and six or seven years. She was one of a large family, but she leaves none of her kith or kin behind. She told a friend twenty years ago, that there was no one living related to her. Her son, she said, had not been heard from since he left the city, now thirty years since. Mrs. Chase has depended for her support for many years, mainly upon the few ladies of this city who have held fast to her in her troubles and through all the peculiarities of her temper incidental to her age and condition. She has been married three times, and had ample opportunity for her two first husbands, which were unfortunately spent by a third. She has also been a pensioner of the Government, for five years' full pay of a drum major, having been one of the widows whose husbands died on the frontier in the last war.—[Boston Transcript.]

Good. The Philadelphia Ledger complained, a short time since, of the expression "poor but honest." The Pittsburgh Age, in comment upon the objections of the Ledger, says:—

"It is the highest praise of humanity that in the midst of temptations that give poison to the fangs of poverty, its victim remains 'honest.' It is he who, being honest in such circumstances, is the 'one man picked out of ten thousand' of whom Hamlet spoke. To be honest and wealthy is not necessarily to be virtuous; to be 'poor but honest' is to wear a crown which cannot be won. It is the honesty tried by temptation, by suffering, by the helplessness of poverty, which alone is worth boasting of. Hence the just and rational age, and lofty antithesis 'Poor but honest.'"

The Baltimore American understands that Messrs. J. Milton Sanders and J. W. Starr, of Cincinnati, the gentlemen who went over to this country to England, a short time since, to obtain a patent for their Magnetic Light have been well received.—They had made application for a patent when the steamer left, and up to that time had met with no opposition. Experiments made by them, in London, with their Light, resulted very favorably, and they entertained strong hopes of getting an opportunity to illuminate John Bull's light houses.

A Hint. The Richmond Star says—Folks who don't like the way papers are edited, ought to ask leave to put in a specimen of the right sort. Any editor will be glad to give such individuals a chance at any time. We would, just for the fun of seeing them cut up and slashed by the critics, afterwards. Every man who thinks it easy to edit a paper exactly right, and to universal acceptance, ought to try it. May he be successful; and if so, would he better entitled to a reward than the discoverer of perpetual motion.

A silver mine has recently been discovered on New River in Grayson County, Va., about 20 miles from Grayson Court House. It promises to yield a rich harvest.

## Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at as fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs, printed with all the different colored inks.

A word to Subscribers. Those of our subscribers who think of soon sending us money by post, will bear in mind that the new postage law goes into operation on the first of July, which deprives Post Masters of the present privilege of transmitting, free of postage, money to newspaper publishers; therefore, by remitting before that time, it will save postage.

On July first, newspapers go by post thirty miles free of postage.

THE RIVER PROJECT.—On Monday last, the river project was carried by an almost unanimous vote. There seemed to be, comparatively, but one mind as to the matter. It was thought by some, that the agriculturists would, many of them, oppose the project, but they understood their own interests too well to be caught voting against it. There were six hundred and sixteen ballots polled, five hundred and sixty-two of which were "yeas," and fifty-four "nays." It was voted to raise ten thousand dollars. We presume the work will be commenced as soon as the water becomes sufficiently shallow, and be consummated the present season. Honor to the wise-headed and ever-active Augustians!

## Pitts' Corn and Cob Grinder.

We made a trial of this invention last fall, with corn and cob, or with corn on the cob, so green that it could not be ground in the other machines, which it ground completely. We stated the result in the Farmer of that date.

We have just given it another trial. Gutting short of provender, and having no corn on the cob, we concluded to take nearly a barrel of cobs that had been lying in a dry place, in a loft, some of them two years, and have them ground and mixed with Indian meal. The miller felt unwilling to grind them in the grist-mill, so we took them to Pitts, who run them through his "cob-eater" in a short time, all ground of a uniform fineness. He then run through the same machine a bushel of shelled corn, which was ground to the same degree. The two parcels were then mixed intimately together, and fed out to oxen, after being soaked a little. The cattle are very fond of it, and it makes capital provender.

Mr. Pitts has made some improvements on the invention since last fall, and has received Letters Patent, securing to him the right to his invention. The shell is made of cast iron,—is neat, strong and compact, and can be driven with ease and sufficient power by one horse, if attached to any of the horse powers now in use in many parts of the country. We consider it the *ne plus ultra* of cob crackers.

## A Hint to Stone Blasters, and a Nut for Philosophers.

Why will brush, placed over a rock that you are blasting, prevent the pieces from flying to a distance? We are informed by Mr. L. Whitman, that any kind of brush, such as pine or spruce boughs, or other sorts of fine limbs that will lay somewhat compact, if laid upon rocks while being blown to pieces by powder, will completely prevent fragments from flying, so that you may blast rocks in the vicinity of buildings, or even under buildings, with perfect safety. Now this is more hearsay evidence on our part, and we cannot vouch for the truth of it from any experimental knowledge. Admitting it to be true, how can you explain it? We have tried putting planks and sticks of timber upon rocks to prevent damage done by the fragments when blasted, but with not much success. It is a little mysterious, if light brush will do what heavy timbers will not in this respect.

If any one has tried the experiment and can vouch for the facts, will he let us hear from him on the subject, and if the fact be established, will some one explain the "why and because" of it?

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for June has come to hand, embellished with two steel plate engravings, and, as usual, filled with interesting original prose and poetical articles. This monthly is gaining deserved popularity on the telegraphic system, and will soon be placed alongside of the old standard magazines of literature. Success to it. E. Ferrett & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. These popular sketches are obtaining a wide circulation. They are interesting articles or tales, and afford the reader a correct idea of Irish manners and customs.

We have not, from some cause or other, received the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th numbers. Will the publishers, Messrs. Ferrett & Co., please forward the above named numbers?

TEMPERANCE OFFERING. This is the title of a neat little Temperance Magazine, published once in two months, in Salem, Mass., and edited by Rev. N. Hervey. Price, 50 cents per annum in advance. We learn that Br. Charles Freeman of this town has been appointed agent, and has received several specimen numbers, which brothers can see and examine by calling on him at the old Hat Stand of Mr. Hooper.

"THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSAY."—We are indebted to EDWARD PENNO for a copy of the above named Romance, of 264 pages, by Professor John Wilson, author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." It is got up in neat style, and is said to be an interesting and instructive tale, throwing some light on Scottish life. We have not as yet found time to peruse it, and consequently are unable to speak understandingly of it. Price, we believe, 37 1-2 cents.

BANISH THEM.—The New York Farmer and Mechanic says: "In July, when the new Post Office law goes into operation, let small Spanish coin go for five, ten, and twenty cents." Clear them out of the country, say we, together with the whole system of reckoning by fourpences or ninepences, or any pence at all. It is strange we should have neglected to reckon by our own system so long, and still cling to the English custom of pence and shillings.

It is in the power of the merchants to do it away, and we wish they would get about it. We want a quarter dime piece coined, and then we should have means to make change to a half cent very easily.

NOT BAD.—Liquor plays the deuce with a man, in more senses than one. Not long since, a victim of the poisonous cup, about two-thirds "over the bay," was seen zig-zagging his way down our streets looking for "something to take." Being a stranger in the place he knew not where to call, and therefore was under the necessity of looking to the signs, for a sign of the habitation of the "critter." Coming to Deering & Sewall's shoe store, he stopped for a moment, and looking to their sign, read as follows: "Dear in and Sue all. Bother me eyes, you'll not catch me there." So saying he jogged on, and coming to Arno. Buttus' tin shop, read as follows: "Ah, no bitters here. Well, well, this is a dry place." He then pulled on, but what success he met with, we know not. A person under the influence of liquor is not very well qualified for reading, and sometimes makes ludicrous interpretations.

STEAMERS IN AUGUSTA. On Saturday last there were five steamers lying at our wharves, the largest number ever here at once, viz., the John Marshall, the Penobscot, the Water Witch, the Balloon, and the Bellingham. On Sunday morning the Huntress arrived, and remained until Monday. Verily, this is a great town!

PRACTICING THE GAMMUT.—Prince Albert has tried his hand at music-making, and come out with an anthem, called "Out of the deep." We mean the name is, "Out of the deep have I called thee." Clever fellow that Albert.

TOWN CLOCK. The clock presented to the town of Augusta by Dr. I. SNELL, has been put upon the Baptist chapel, and has commenced its journey on the infinite course of Time. It is a beautiful one, and is a great convenience, as well as an ornament. Many thanks are due the worthy donor.

GOT THE RAW MATERIAL.—The New Orleans Bee is blowing Mexico because she is too poor to fight us. It says, "she is utterly destitute of resources—without a dollar in her treasury." What of that, friend—hasn't she got more gold in her bowels than we have in our chests? Only hand out the raw material and it is an easy matter to put pictures on it.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—The great Telescope just put in operation by Lord Rosse, with a speculum 6 feet in diameter, is astonishing the natives in London; and marvellous stories are told of discoveries made. It is gravely asserted that they have discovered an extra bristle in the whiskers of the Great Bear's muzzle by it.

PUNCHING TO SOME PURPOSE.—The English Government, it is said, have settled a pension of 100 pounds a year on Mrs. Hood, wife of Tom Hood, editor of the London Punch, because she has such a witty husband. It is n't every Judy that fares so well for her Punch.

FIRST LION IN AMERICA.—The Express Messenger says that the first lion that was brought to this country was in 1798, in a French vessel from Guadaloupe. Lions have become quite plenty here now, and lots of cubs.

DECIDED AT LAST.—It has been decided by an English "bench"—and an English "bench" is the wisest of all benches—during a trial for a breach of promise, that an unmarried female aged 32, is not a girl but a young woman. Of course she can't be considered old till 75.

A FATHER OF A LOBSTER.—It is said that the caters at the cornucopia, (that means plenty of horns we suppose) in Boston, demolished, on Saturday, a lobster which weighed forty-two and a half pounds!—Wasn't he tough?

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—Four Lives Lost.—We learn by a ship from the Gloucester Telegraph office, that the schooner Daniel Webster, Stevens, of and from Ellsworth, for Boston, was totally lost on Cape Ann, on Saturday last, and four of the five persons on board were drowned. The man who was saved was rescued by some persons on shore, who reached him from a rock by taking hold of each other's hands, and the nearest one catching him from the bowsprit, upon the waves retiring. The schooner Nicanor, Atkins, from Bangor for Weymouth, in endeavoring to enter Squam harbor, on Saturday afternoon, struck on the Bar, and filled by the sea beating into the cabin windows. The crew were taken off by a Life Boat.—[Bee.]

The Baltimore American, of Saturday, says the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, to whom the subject was referred by the last House of Representatives, have arrived at the conclusion that the submarine battery is nothing new; that he is entitled to neither praise nor reward; and that he has availed himself of Fulton's stationary torpedoes and Prof. Hare's galvanic current. It appears from the communication of the Secretary of the Navy, that all Mr. Calk's labors have not been for nothing. He has received from that department over fifteen thousand dollars on his own account, and over two thousand dollars for experiments, amounting in all to upwards of seventeen thousand dollars.

AGGRAVATING ROBBERY. The brother of the Hon. Levi Woodbury was in this city last week, having been on a visit to his friends at the East, then on his return to his residence in Missouri. He attended the races without losing his pocket book, because he was cautioned in advance. Mr. W. left for Philadelphia in the morning boat; he took his wallet from his pantaloons pocket, containing \$200, paid for his ticket, and then replaced his money in the pocket of his coat. Just as the boat was about to leave the landing he felt for his wallet, but it was gone. [N. Y. paper.]

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS. The Vergennes Vermont of the 14th inst., says: "The mountains are on fire all around us. To the east of us a fire has been noticed for more than a week, and from its appearance must be doing great damage. The Essex mountain across the lake has presented the appearance of a solid column of flame and smoke for some days, and the smoke and cinders impregnate the atmosphere for miles around. The loss of property is very considerable and likely to be much greater."

ANOTHER ANTI-RENT OUTRAGE.—Two Men Turned.—A short time since a Mr. Widenax hired a farm in Taghkanic, occupied by Mr. Rockefeller, who had also allowed M. N. Burdick to occupy a portion of the premises. On Thursday the 5th, we understand that Mr. Widenax moved into the house, Mr. Burdick still retained possession of a portion of it. On the night of the 9th, the premises were visited by some persons who sawed off the handles of his plow, and committed many other outrages of a like nature.

On the following night, the 10th, about twenty men, armed and disguised, broke into the house—threw the furniture and other things about the premises, and took Mr. Widenax, and Mr. Van Etten, his hired man, and tarred them and otherwise maltreated and abused them. They then commanded Mr. W. to leave the premises, which he agreed to do, having no disposition to test the law with men who are governed by "Lynch Law."—[Hudson N. Y. Gazette.]

The Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, who was convicted of negro stealing in Kentucky, and sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor, is sawing stone in the prison, with a negro holding one end of the saw and himself the other.

## Foreign News.

### Arrival of the Steamship Britannia.

Trade continues to be exceedingly brisk in every department in England, and there is a fair prospect that the crops of every description will be abundant. In the sugar and other produce markets there has been a fair business doing.

New Line of Packets to Boston.—A new line of packets has been started between this port and Boston, the first of which, called the Joshua Bates, in honor of the head of the firm of Messrs. Bates & Brothers, is now in the Trafalgar Dock, and will sail the first fair wind, with a full complement of steerage passengers, who find this route the shortest way to the Western States.

Emigration to America.—Our advices from the various ports from which emigrants depart, state that emigration to Canada and the United States is going on to a larger extent than ever before known. From Germany, also, it is equally large: 300 passengers had just arrived at Havre from Rotterdam, on their way to this country.

Naval force of Great Britain.—According to the official return of the Lords of the Admiralty, the naval force of Great Britain consists of 680 ships of war, carrying from one to one hundred and twenty guns each. Of this number there are 125 armed steam vessels constructed on the most approved principles. This immense fleet employs in the time of peace 23,000 able bodied seamen, 2000 stout lads, and 95 companies of Royal Marines.

The great debate on the Maynooth Bill, which continued for six nights with unabated interest, was brought to a close on the morning of the 19th ult., shortly before three o'clock, when the second reading was carried by 323 to 176, giving Ministers a majority of 147.

The Princeton Steamer.—This splendid steamer is hourly expected to arrive in the port of Liverpool, for her great gun, which is now attracting increased observation in the city of Liverpool. The commander of the Rock Fort has orders from the Government to receive her with all possible respect, and the thirty-two pounders, which have not been fired since the accession of William the Fourth to the British throne, are kept in readiness to give her a real republican salute.

Ireland.—Mr. O'Connell having been invited to a triumphal entry and a public banquet at Cork, on the 1st and 2d of June, has returned an answer accepting the invitation. He exhorts his correspondents to persevere in the cause of Reform. He says the Maynooth endowment is "a good measure in itself, and entitled to gratitude, but immeasurably short of the substantial justice due from England, and which can never be obtained save by the restoration of our domestic Legislature."

France.—The Paris papers are mostly occupied with the late debates on Maynooth in the British Parliament, and everything else at present seems to have a secondary interest. The French journals express their warm admiration of the example presented by Parliament in refusing to yield to popular feelings, and they regard Sir R. Peel's motion as an act of justice to Ireland, extorted from the Ministry by the apprehension of an approaching rupture with America.

It was reported on the Paris Bourse, on Saturday week, that England had applied to France to join her in a protest against the annexation of Texas to the American Union.

Switzerland.—Admonitory notes have been received by the Federal Government from Sardinia and Prussia; but the Extraordinary Diet makes no way. It is understood that it will most likely proceed no further, but leave the several questions to be settled, if possible, by the Deputies in the Ordinary Diet, which is to meet in July.

A great number of persons had been condemned by the council of war to five years' imprisonment, for not having answered the call to arms, and for having joined the free corps; for which latter offence, moreover, they are to be tried by the civil tribunal.

Russia and Circassia.—According to a letter from Constantinople, Russia is making great exertions to increase the Circassian Army to the amount of 180,000 men. A hundred transports are to be collected in the Black Sea, for the transport of troops and stores, and the command of the whole force is to be given to Count Woronzoff, the Governor of the Crimea. This army is, it is said, to be concentrated at Sebastopol and Stavropol, to operate by sea and by land.

Egypt and Syria.—The latest advices from Alexandria are to the 10th inst.

An act of the most wanton and barbarous character was perpetrated on a native Coptic Christian, some days ago, at Damietta. This person was accused of having spoken slightly of the Mahomedan religion, and on the fact having been made known to the populace, they collected round him, gave him 500 lashes, paraded him naked through the streets mounted on a buffalo, with two dead dogs and a pig attached to his legs and shoulders, and afterwards beat him till he expired under the effects of the punishment. The European Consuls have taken it up strongly; but the punishment inflicted on the principals has been limited to a five years' incarceration in the Castle of Aboukir.

Reports from Syria have reached of the plague having broken out at Jerusalem, and that the number of deaths is 40 a day.

Egypt.—The latest advices from Alexandria are to the 10th ultimo.

The Pasha has been residing at Cairo for some weeks past, and intended in a few days proceeding on a visit to the lower provinces, and thence to Alexandria for the summer. Ibrahim Pasha jun., nephew of Mehemet Ali, was to proceed to Europe in the course of the present month, by the Nile frigate, with the view of consulting the medical faculty on the state of his health; he has been suffering severely from disease of the liver.

FROM HAVRE.—There were two arrivals yesterday morning, the Brig Crusoe, Captain Chase, from Aux Cayes, sailed on the 12th, and the schooner Louisiana Capt. Low, from St. Domingo, sailed on the 10th.

Captain Low reports that two or three days before he sailed, a man-of-war schooner came in, bringing the information that there had been a battle between the Dominicans, or forces of the Spanish part of the island, and the Haytiens, the result of which he could not learn. Only that a considerable number were killed and wounded on each side, and that some of the wounded men were on board the schooner.

Captain Chase informs us that when he left, some two hundred of ex-President Herard's friends were in prison, and that he saw four of them shot. The excitement had mostly died away. [N. Y. Am. Republican.]

FROM MEXICO.—Letters have been received from the Home Squadron, dated at Vera Cruz, April 22. It appears that on the 15th April, Commodore Conner made the city of La Vera Cruz, his owing to light and contrary winds, was not able to anchor before the place until the 18th. At the same time, the bark Anahuac, from New York, with Gen. Almonte on board, anchored in the port.

The squadron communicated with the authorities at La Vera Cruz. The officer sent on shore was courteously received, and the usual offers were made of granting every facility to the squadron for obtaining whatever it might be in want of.

The Mexican flag was saluted, and an equal number of guns were returned by the fortress. Our Minister has been informed that no further diplomatic intercourse can be allowed between the Government of Mexico and the United States. With this exception, our relations with Mexico remain as before. [Washington Union.]

On Friday, May 10th, 686 passengers arrived at Boston in three vessels from Great Britain. On Monday, 13th, 511 arrived in three vessels. On Friday, May 10th, the steamer Hibernia sailed for Liverpool, 100 passengers for that port, and 12 for Halifax. On the 15th, the Britannia steamer arrived from Liverpool, 22 passengers to Halifax, 46 to Boston, and 13 from Halifax.

## Later from Texas.

The steamship New York, Capt. Wright, arrived here yesterday from Galveston, whence she sailed on the 5th inst. She brings us papers from Galveston to the 7th. Among her passengers were Major D. Nelson, the U. S. Charge, and Gov. Yell of Arkansas.

Gen. Houston, with his wife and son, arrived at Galveston on the 3d inst. He proposed to visit the seat of Government of Texas, and will then come on to the 7th. Among her passengers were Major D. Nelson, the U. S. Charge, and Gov. Yell of Arkansas.

Mr. Wickliffe, the ex-Postmaster General, was at Galveston on the 7th inst. There is no limit to the enthusiasm of the people of Texas in regard to Annexation. To show the disposition of the President of Texas, we make a short extract from the Morning Star of the 3d inst., published at Houston:

"We rejoice to say that we have the most positive evidence that the President of Texas, and a majority of members of his Cabinet are anxious to act with the utmost harmony with the people, and will cordially co-operate with them in their efforts to consummate this great measure at the earliest practicable period."

The Hon. E. Allen, the acting Secretary of State, arrived at Houston on 22d ult. The Telegraph assures us that he is a real friend of Texas, and is desirous that "the great measure should be consummated at the earliest practicable period." The papers have some rumors of disaffection to the Mexican Government in some of her Northern Departments. The "wish may be father to the thought" in this case. We have probably as late advices been as to the movements of Gen. Arista as have been received in Texas. [N. O. Pic., 11th inst.]

## From Santa Fe.

A letter from Santa Fe, published in the St. Louis Republican, states that the season for trade is nearly over. A forced loan of \$12,000 has been ordered by the Governor and Assembly of the department, to be paid to the soldiers. The levy made of the wealthy inhabitants, and resisted by many Irish traders, who refused to pay on any ground that he was a British subject. Still they have prohibited him from selling his goods. The letter states that he is in reality a citizen of the United States, but that knowing it would be useless to appeal to that Government, he has sought redress from the British authority. Many other United States citizens have applied for British protection, and the letter gives the following facts in explanation:—

"In the last ten years, six American citizens have been murdered in this department of New Mexico, the criminals never brought to justice, never punished—the American Minister at Mexico duly informed of the facts, but no notice taken of them, and the goods and effects of the murdered men have, in many instances, gone into the public treasury. A United States Consul was several years ago appointed—no steps were taken by our Minister at Mexico to have him acknowledged. About two years ago he barely escaped being murdered in his own house—the matter was fully laid before our Minister at Mexico, subsequently before the Department of State at home—no steps, as yet known, have been taken to obtain satisfaction—our Consul remains yet unacknowledged by the Government."

If a trader dies, his property goes to the Government of New Mexico. A Mr. Kirtland died but a few days ago, no one is authorized to administer upon his property; of course it will go into the public treasury. Now, in the face of all these facts, can any one wonder that our American country, and claiming other protection, who can? An instance lately occurred where American and Englishmen were passing in the same caravan that the city of Zacatecas, the Americans were *stung and holed at*, the Englishmen passed unmolested. Need we seek for a more decided comment on American negotiation, American protection, the respect for the American Government and people in Mexico?"

TRUCKS ISLAND.—By the brig Planet, Captain Clark, which left Turks Island on the 13th inst., we learn that owing to the scarcity of provisions the inhabitants were almost in a state of starvation. So great was the famine that vessels were boarded in the Passage in the hope of obtaining from them the necessities of life. Flour was selling at \$14 a barrel, and all other provisions in proportion.—[N. Y. Herald.]

Dreadful Catastrophe at







## The Muse.

From the American Republican.

### Oh Crush not the Spirit.

BY C. SYDAM VANDERHOOF.

"And if despondency weigh down  
The spirit's fluttering pinions, then  
Despair, thy name is written on  
The scroll of common men."—Halleck.

Oh crush not the spirit; but bid it arise—  
Shake off the dark fetters of sorrow and care,  
While hope points thy way to a home in the skies,  
Let thy soul never yield to grief and despair.

Oh crush not the spirit; though foes may distress,  
And the light of affection be dim and dim,  
Remember, there's one who in pity will bless  
The sad and forsaken that cleaveth to Him.

Oh crush not the spirit; unfetter it wing—  
Let it soar above the trials and conflicts of life;  
Remember, that sorrow and sadness will cling  
To the soul that's contentious and barred in strife.

Oh crush not the spirit; though fortune may frown,  
And thy frame feel the pressure of want and disease,  
If happy in spirit thou calmly look down  
On the life that deprive thee of comfort and ease.

Oh crush not the spirit; why should ye despond?  
Hath earth lost its beauty and goodness—its charm?  
Hath nature no voices which bid you respond,  
With feelings all joyous, and holy, and warm?

Oh crush not the spirit; earth hath not a cure  
For the spirit that's wounded, and sinks in despair;  
Then the smiles of affection it scarce can endure,  
And life is a burden too heavy to bear.

Oh crush not the spirit; 'twill lift thee above  
The hatred, and malice, and envy of foes,  
To a region of light, and contentment, and love,  
Where the good and the peaceful securely repose.

Then crush not the spirit; but bid it arise—  
Shake off the dark fetters of sorrow and care;  
While hope points thy way to a home in the skies,  
Let thy soul never yield to grief and despair.

## The Story Teller.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

### Poor and Proud.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Simpson to her husband, "it will never do for Ellen to be brought in the world in that way. She is our only daughter, and now that she is going to be married, we must make an effort to give her a decent set-out."

"Well, Jane, is not the furniture I proposed sufficiently decent? You know I am hardly getting along as it is, and every cent I am taking for this purpose comes out of the capital. A plain two-story house, with a single sofa, cane-bottom chairs, and the chambers comfortably furnished, is a set-out as good as I can afford. Besides, I don't think Merivale would like to go into a large house; I'm sure his business will scarcely warrant it."

"You talk as if my daughter was going to marry a beggar, Mr. Simpson. Recollect how I have toiled and slaved to bring Ellen up respectably, and now when she is about to marry a promising young man—a doctor, too—you wish to give her a mean set-out, like that of a common mechanic's wife. When I was married, my father gave me means to begin life like a lady."

Mr. Simpson shrugged his shoulders. As usual, his wife's volubility was too much for him: he scarcely knew what to say. A merchant in a small business, he had struggled all his life, without getting ahead; and, of late, since the times had grown so hard, was glad to make both ends meet at New Year's. Had he, when beginning life, instituted and adhered to a rigid system of economy—had he been contented to live in a smaller house, to sport less costly furniture, to give fewer expensive parties, he might, by this time, have been in comparatively easy circumstances; but the bane of his life was pride, and to keep up appearances he had sacrificed wealth; so that now, instead of possessing at least a moderate fortune, he was kept continually on the rack, lest, in some of the many convulsions of the times, he might become a bankrupt. His wife was even more foolishly proud than himself; and, once or twice, when Mr. Simpson, more alarmed than usual, would have retrenched, she would not hear of it.

"True," she would say, "business may be bad, but it cannot always remain so. It must get better, and then every thing can be made square again; in the mean time, if we retrench, people would talk, and your credit would suffer. No, no, appearances must be kept up: something might be saved from the expenses of the table. The upper rooms could go without carpets; leave it to me, I can shift along—and don't think of losing position by moving into a smaller house."

The whole married life of Mr. Simpson consequently had been a struggle between pride and poverty. A splendid party was atoned for by weeks of self-denial at the table; the cost of a new set of mirrors for the parlour was made up by stinting the furniture of the upper rooms; and a thousand little comforts were sacrificed to supply the means of going to the shore, once a year, with the rest of their fashionable neighbours. Nor had time taught them a lesson. On the marriage of their only daughter, this ill-judging couple were about to commit the same error for her, which had embittered the whole of their married life.

The dispute between Mr. Simpson and his wife terminated as such disputes usually did, the lady gaining her point against her husband's better judgment. It was resolved to furnish their daughter's house in a style, as the mother said, proper for respectable people—Brussels carpet and mahogany chairs in the parlours, with common-stained pine bedsteads and cheap bureaus bought at auction for all the upper rooms except one, which was furnished in a more costly style, were to constitute the appointments of the new household. The intended husband had scarcely thought the Simpsons would give their daughter so handsome a set-out; and was almost inclined to remonstrate against it as unnecessary; for he saw it would entail on him the rent of a larger house than he had expected, or indeed, was willing to take. But he, too, was not without pride; and he resolved, since her family were so generous, to strain a point in order to commence housekeeping in a befitting way. Accordingly a handsome residence was selected, which was furnished according to the projected plan; and certainly, when the young couple moved into it after their marriage, the elegance and style of every thing in their spacious parlours made the husband quite forget his uneasiness respecting the insufficiency of his income to keep up such an establishment. And when the bride's friends called at her new house and loaded it with their praises, her gratified husband wondered that he could ever have hesitated about the expense.

The honey-moon passed amid a succession

of parties and other entertainments; and not until the excitement of this mode of life had subsided, and Merivale with his wife had settled down in quiet, did the young husband think of looking at his account-book. How was he astonished at the enormous outlays, so far exceeding the most liberal of his calculations! Like most young housekeepers he had supposed that the increased house-rent was the only additional expense to which he would be subject; but he found that every other necessary disbursement had increased in the same ratio—there was more company, the entertainment had to be better; in a thousand ways, indeed, money had been laid out, of which he had never thought. Merivale was frightened. He saw his income would not be more than sufficient to meet two thirds of his outlays. But he disliked, so soon after marriage, speaking to Ellen on the necessity of economy. He resolved first to see what he could do in the work of retrenchment; and, by way of beginning, he gave up the contemplated purchase of a gig and horse, and made up his mind to visit his patients on foot. This would be very fatiguing, but there was no help for it.

"My dear," said his wife, a few months after marriage, "Agnes Biddle is going to be married; and as she was one of my bridesmaids, I should like to give her a party. Don't you think it would be no more than right?"

"Indeed my dear, I can't say," said Merivale, hesitatingly.

"I believe it is," said Merivale, and though he wished, he could not muster courage to tell his wife he could not afford the expense. "Certainly, my dear, we must give Agnes a party."

"I knew you would say so; and now I will go and see Agnes."

Merivale heard no more of the party until the next week. In the mean time Agnes had been married. "I think I shall send out, to-morrow, the invitations for Agnes's party," said his wife. "I thought Tuesday evening would answer best; I would have preferred Monday, but you know, it is so difficult to get the ice-creams and other refreshments on that day. Will Tuesday suit you?"

"Oh! yes—quite as well as any other day. But how many have you invited?"

"I have about eighty on my list."

"Eighty!" ejaculated Merivale; and then he added, with hesitation, "Why, my love, is it necessary to have so large a company?"

Ellen saw her husband did not like it, and she answered with some embarrassment: "You know Agnes gave us a very large party, and it would look mean for us to return it with a small one. Besides, I have so many acquaintances, I don't see how I could ask less. I expected at least a hundred, for there are, no doubt, some persons you may wish to ask, whom I have not thought of."

"Well, well," said Merivale, impatiently, "let us have them all and be done with it. But after this, Ellen, we must have no more parties till we get richer."

This was the first time her husband had spoken to her thus, and she pondered it long and deeply. She could scarcely keep from tears, and she resolved to be very economical, so as to make up for the expense of the party. She was even on the point of renouncing it altogether, for she had not yet spoken to Agnes on the subject, but when she reflected how mean she would be considered by their acquaintances, she had not the heart to do this. So the party went on; and every one pronounced it a most brilliant affair. The rooms were said to be just full enough; without being too crowded; the only thing missing was champagne; but this expensive and unnecessary article Merivale had insisted on omitting, and his wife had consented, glad of any opportunity to conciliate him.

Ellen carried out her design of being economical. She told her mother her difficulties, and Mrs. Simpson had a dozen methods to suggest by which a penny might be saved.

"You can economize a deal yet in the table. Dear me, how outlandishly expensive you are in your pastry. Now, there's lemon pies—did you ever make any? Mrs. Stewart let me into the secret after you left us: they can be made for half the cost of other pies. I'll give you the receipt. Nothing but lemons grated, and made up with either molasses or sugar—though the former are much the cheaper. You must learn, Ellen, to make a little go a great way."

So Ellen tried the lemon pies. She made some of both kinds; and her mother, who came to show her how, pronounced them very good.

"What have you got there, my dear?" said her husband, when the meats had been removed: that's something new, isn't it?"

"I hope you'll like it for it's so cheap, and very nice, I do assure you," said Ellen, smiling, as she proceeded to cut the pastry.

"Hump!" said Merivale, who had always been a good liver, and had never found very cheap dishes remarkably good.

"I have given you both kinds, to see which you like best," said his wife.

"What are they?" said Merivale, cutting a piece out of the whitest pie. The next instant his brow clouded, and he pushed the plate away. Ellen looked very embarrassed.

"Sour as aqua-fortis."

"Try the other piece, dear; it's sweeter," she said coaxingly.

After a moment he complied.

"By George—here's a piece of lemon skin as big as a shilling, and as tough as a shark-skin," he exclaimed, putting the plate angrily away.

"My dear, I really thought they were good."

"What in Heaven's name are they?"

"Lemon pies; they are very cheap," said Ellen, deprecatingly.

"Confound cheap eatables! Is there nothing else?"

There was nothing else, to Ellen's great sorrow; and her husband rose from the table and went out in a pet. She, poor thing, flew to her chamber and cried heartily. It was the first time Merivale had ever used angry words to her.

A more than usually excellent evening meal awaited Merivale when he returned; so he was once more in a good humor. No allusion was made to the past, but lemon pies were forever banished from the young wife's kitchen. She had to turn to other quarters to retrench.

The first year's expenses exceeded by several hundred dollars Merivale's receipts; and, to make up the deficiency, he was forced to sell out some stock which he held, and which

formed part of a little capital that he had religiously resolved never to touch. By this time, he and his wife had talked over the necessity of economy more than once; and now they had again a serious conversation on the subject.

"Suppose we move into a smaller house," said Ellen.

"That would never do," replied her husband. "With a physician every thing depends on appearances; and I should lose all my practice if I was to take that method of retrenching."

"Well—we won't have any parties this year, so there will be a saving there. And then, you know, they all say the first year of married life is the most expensive."

The second year, however, proved as costly as the first, for after the birth of a lovely little daughter, it was found necessary to keep another servant, a half-grown girl who might attend the baby and help in sewing. Then the other servant refused to wash for this increased family, and the washing had to be put out; so that, at the end of the year, notwithstanding they gave no parties, the expenses of the young married couple were found to be as great as during the preceding year. It is true, Merivale's business had increased, but not sufficiently to make up the deficiency, and then he had been forced to set up a gig. Accordingly it became necessary again to trench on his little capital. The third year, in spite of a hundred shifts resorted to for economy, proved more costly than either of the others; so that, when, at its close, Merivale cast up his accounts, he discovered that, since his marriage, he had sold out more than a thousand dollars worth of his stock, and owed besides several small bills, which he had managed to throw over into the fourth year. His income from his little capital, was now just one hundred dollars less than it had been when he was married. And so it went on, year after year, until nearly every share of the stock had been sold out, for though Merivale's business increased, so, too, did his expenses.

"My dear," said Mrs. Merivale to her husband, one day, "Caroline is now six years old, and it is time she went to dancing school. I have been going to speak to you about it for several days."

"But I really can't afford it, Mrs. Merivale," said her husband.

"You wouldn't have Caroline to be the only one in her class at school who refuses to take lessons. All the rest have joined, and Mons. Deschamps is very reasonable."

"But I don't know where the money is to come from."

"We must try to save it off of something else, then. It would never do for your daughter—a physician's child—to refuse, under the circumstances; every one would say immediately we were too poor. We must be respectable, and educate the poor dears decently. As it is, the children are dressed rather shabbily; but it can't be helped."

"Have it your own way," said Merivale, rising hastily; though he was really as sensitive to the world's opinion as his wife, only he spoke this way of venting his irritation at the narrowness of his income.

As the children grew up new expenses were constantly presenting themselves, all of which Mrs. Merivale declared to be absolutely necessary; and, to confess the truth, her husband felt the force of her representations almost as much as she did herself. For Merivale, too, was proud; and to keep up appearances, he was willing to sacrifice almost any comfort.

But why pursue the history of this family's privation? To enter their parlors, or to eat at their table on gala days, you would think they had every thing their hearts could desire; but a sight of their private chambers, or of their usual fare would have opened your eyes to the shifts to which they were put to keep up appearances. Too poor to live in the way they wished to, too proud to descend into a plainer style, they never spent a day that was not marked by some privation or meanness, which comfort ought to have repudiated or self-respect despised. And, at the end of several years, in spite of every effort, Merivale found himself without a cent of his capital left.

The next year proved a very unfortunate one. It was a season of great monetary distress, and Merivale found it impossible to make any collections. He had now no capital to fall back upon; and money was nowhere to be borrowed. But his wife, who had become what is called a "very managing woman," succeeded in getting along, with the hope that the next year would prove more propitious. But the next year was even worse; the grocer became clamorous; and the shoe-bill was now due a twelve-month; and the baker's wife had said publicly that Dr. Merivale must be pushed for money, as he did not settle up punctually any longer, "and for her part—other people might do as they liked—she would not trust him any longer."

Things were now really at a crisis. The husband and father knew not where to turn. Rumours were increasing every day. People said that there was some excuse if a merchant, in hard times, was a little slow in paying his bills, because, probably, he had made nothing in spite of every exertion; but it was too bad if a doctor outran his income, when he had a comparatively certain annual receipt, and when he always got his money before anybody else. But Dr. Merivale's family was very extravagant.

Such was the common gossip, and at length it reached the ears for which it was intended. But what could he do? He had now got considerably behindhand, and there was no one to whom he could apply for a loan. But matters, mean time, were getting serious. An execution on his furniture was threatened. At length he bethought himself of an uncle; a wealthy old bachelor, who had always talked of making Merivale his heir, and who really loved his nephew. A letter was accordingly written, (for his relative resided in another city,) in which a frank exposition was made of Merivale's condition, with a statement of what amount would be required to relieve him from difficulty. In a few days Mr. Calcott arrived in person. He came and took tea with Merivale the very evening of his arrival, and then invited his nephew to accompany him to his hotel.

"Well, but how am I to know I shall ever be paid?" said the old merchant, after he had heard a detailed account of his nephew's difficulties. "See what you ask of me. Here is a man deeply in debt, and spending every year more than he makes, with no property to give as security, who asks a loan. What sort of a fool would you take me to be, if a third party sought to borrow money on such grounds?"

Merivale coloured up and half rose from his chair.

"Nay, nay—don't be offended. You are the only child of my only sister, and I have always intended you for my heir. But I wish you to see that this is no loan you ask, but a gift."

"My practice may increase; it is increasing every year. We will retrench—"

"Ah! that's the most sensible word I've heard you speak to-night. I wonder you did not do it long ago."

Merivale saw his uncle really felt for him, in spite of his strange manner, so he frankly told the many unavailing efforts that had been made to economize.

"It was impossible, we found," he added despondingly. "We could not save the money and keep up appearances! Humbug, humbug! My dear nephew, you have been wrong all through this business. Let me ask you if you ever received a service from any of these many friends, to secure whose good word you put yourself to all these shifts, denied so many solid comforts, and yet spent so much money?"

Merivale was forced to confess he had not; moreover they had all been shy of him since his difficulties.

"Did it do your daughters any good to go to Mrs. Poole's expensive school?"

"Except that all the fashionable sent their children there."

"Ay! and I'll venture to say none of these fashionable have invited your daughters to their children's parties since your difficulties." Merivale was forced to confess they had not.

"Are your daughters able to assist in the house?"

"Oh! no—they never had time to learn—When they were not in school, they were taking music lessons at home or doing fancy work."

"Humph! And what use will either be to them? But how much could you have saved by cutting off these unnecessary accomplishments, to say nothing of the wages of at least one servant that you could then have retrenched?"

Merivale mentioned the sum.

"And suppose, when you began life, that you had moved into a house for two-thirds the rent of your present one, how much would that have saved annually, not only directly in the rent, but indirectly in other expenses?"

Merivale again told the amount.

"Now, look here. I will calculate all these little matters together. We will add their interest, moreover, every year. There—you have been married twelve years, and if you had begun life as you ought to, you would have been worth twenty thousand dollars, instead of being a beggar. And further, the interest of that sum, added to your practice, would have supported you handsomely in the style in which you now live."

Merivale looked aghast! He had never seen so keen a calculation; but there it was, in black and white.

"Now, my dear nephew, you see you have begun wrong, and so floundered from bad to worse. The moment I heard you had moved into that big house, I saw how all would end; for I knew your means, and felt assured that, sooner or later, you must come to me. You have held out longer than I thought you could. Now, take my advice. I will pay your debts. Move into a smaller house. I have one in street, just the thing. You shall have it rent-free, and then your income will more than support you, especially if you abandon Mrs. Poole's fashionable academy, and bring your daughters up, like sensible girls, intended for citizens. Yet—mind—I don't object to accomplishments in the abstract, any more than I object to living in fine houses—only those who can afford neither ought not to aspire to them. Believe me, three-fourths of the difficulties of getting along, come from being proud as well as poor."

Merivale took his uncle's advice, and rigidly adhered to it, notwithstanding his wife, at first, prompted by her mother, was continually suggesting new expenses in order to be respectable.

The consequence was that he lost none of his practice, gained the respect of all honest men, and is now rapidly attaining a competence. He often says there are more families than one imagines, who suffer daily privations because they are poor and proud.

From the London Punch.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

Mr. Caudle has been called from his bed to bail Mr. Freeman from the Watch house.

Fie, Mr. Caudle! knew it would come to this. I said it would when you joined those precious skylarks. People being called out of their bed at all hours of the night to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police, knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used—he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him. I know the end of that—he'll run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It is all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarrelling with the policeman that he was locked up. People ain't locked up for that. No—it's for robbery or something worse, perhaps.

And as you bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison. Now people know you're the friend of drunken and other disorderly persons; you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that—to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, go to

sleep, after such a disturbance. I shall not go.

But here, says Mr. Caudle's manuscript, happily, she slumbered; for Mrs. Caudle had, considering the theme she had to talk upon, a remarkably short lecture.

## N. H. DOWNS'

### Vegetable Balmic Elixir!!

THE greatest remedy for Coughs, Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs and Chest. This medicine is purely vegetable; the result of not mere theory and speculation, but of much study and research during years of suffering and debility; and the inventor having succeeded in curing himself, and having tested its efficacy upon himself and thousands of individuals in New England and the Western States, feels great confidence in recommending it to the public as a safe and efficient remedy. It operates most powerfully in removing all morbid irritation from the Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, keeps the cough loose, promotes expectoration, renders the breathing easy, and induces a degree of quiet in the system peculiarly grateful to the patient, after having experienced so many days and nights of restless inquietude and suffering.

It has at least one peculiar advantage over most other articles in common use; it is free from strong opiate, and powerful astringents, which are likely to do great injury to the patient. In the use of this article, the cough never ceases until the cause is removed; hence, when the cough ceases, the patient is well.

Read the following certificate from the Hon. BATES TURNER, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

"I hereby certify that I have been well acquainted with the medicine called 'N. H. DOWNS' Elixir,' for seven years past, and from its effect upon myself, and in cases where I have witnessed its operation, I consider it one of the most fortunate inventions ever made. I am also acquainted with other medicines for coughs, colds, &c., but in my opinion they cannot all compare with this. I have been at the residence of a friend suffering from a severe cold, and have used this article, and in one of which I had the attendance of an able and experienced physician, but whose prescriptions did not suit my case as well as the Elixir. I have recommended it invariably for a number of years past to those afflicted with long-coughs, and believe with good success."

BATES TURNER.

St. Albans, Sept. 16, 1842.

AGENTS:—J. E. LADD, Augusta; B. Wiles, Hallowell; H. Smith & Co., Gardiner; J. L. & O. H. Stanley, Winthrop; Sumner C. Monahan, C. W. Dyer, Waterville; Monmouth, Lawrence & Hancock, Gray; Holland & Lane, Lewiston; William Dyer, Waterville; Pratt, Lawrence & Co., Fairfield; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Blunt & Turner, Norridgewick; Rodney Collins, North Anson; C. Cummings, Jr. & Co., Solon; Jesse C. West, West Mills; Industry; Robert Jennings, Industry; John N. Perkins, Farmington; Joshua Bean, East Wilton; Marshall R. Walker, Wilton; Blanding & C. W. Dyer, New Sharon; Ench Morrill, Strong; Columbus Sweet, Phillips; J. R. Greenwood, Weld.

April 1, 1845.

Oh! no—they never had time to learn—When they were not in school, they were taking music lessons at home or doing fancy work."

"Humph! And what use will either be to them? But how much could you have saved by cutting off these unnecessary accomplishments, to say nothing of the wages of at least one servant that you could then have retrenched?"

Merivale mentioned the sum.

"And suppose, when you began life, that you had moved into a house for two-thirds the rent of your present one, how much would that have saved annually, not only directly in the rent, but indirectly in other expenses?"

Merivale again told the amount.

"Now, look here. I will calculate all these little matters together. We will add their interest, moreover, every year. There—you have been married twelve years, and if you had begun life as you ought to, you would have been worth twenty thousand dollars, instead of being a beggar. And further, the interest of that sum, added to your practice, would have supported you handsomely in the style in which you now live."

Merivale looked aghast! He had never seen so keen a calculation; but there it was, in black and white.

"Now, my dear nephew, you see you have begun wrong, and so floundered from bad to worse. The moment I heard you had moved into that big house, I saw how all would end; for I knew your means, and felt assured that, sooner or later, you must come to me. You have held out longer than I thought you could. Now, take my advice. I will pay your debts. Move into a smaller house. I have one in street, just the thing. You shall have it rent-free, and then your income will more than support you, especially if you abandon Mrs. Poole's fashionable academy, and bring your daughters up, like sensible girls, intended for citizens. Yet—mind—I don't object to accomplishments in the abstract, any more than I object to living in fine houses—only those who can afford neither ought not to aspire to them. Believe me, three-fourths of the difficulties of getting along, come from being proud as well as poor."

Merivale took his uncle's advice, and rigidly adhered to it, notwithstanding his wife, at first, prompted by her mother, was continually suggesting new expenses in order to be respectable.

The consequence was that he lost none of his practice, gained the respect of all honest men, and is now rapidly attaining a competence. He often says there are more families than one imagines, who suffer daily privations because they are poor and proud.

From the London Punch.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

Mr. Caudle has been called from his bed to bail Mr. Freeman from the Watch house.

Fie, Mr. Caudle! knew it would come to this. I said it would when you joined those precious skylarks. People being called out of their bed at all hours of the night to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police, knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used—he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him. I know the end of that—he'll run away, and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a set of dissolute peace-breakers. It is all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarrelling with the policeman that he was locked up. People ain't locked up for that. No—it's for robbery or something worse, perhaps.

And as you bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison. Now people know you're the friend of drunken and other disorderly persons; you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that—to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, go to

sleep, after such a disturbance. I shall not go.

But here, says Mr. Caudle's manuscript, happily, she slumbered; for Mrs. Caudle had, considering the theme she had to talk upon, a remarkably short lecture.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balmic Elixir!!

THE greatest remedy for Coughs, Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs and Chest. This medicine is purely vegetable; the result of not mere theory and speculation, but of much study and research during years of suffering and debility; and the inventor having succeeded in curing himself, and having tested its efficacy upon himself and thousands of individuals in New England and the Western States, feels great confidence in recommending it to the public as a safe and efficient remedy. It operates most powerfully in removing all morbid irritation from the Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, keeps the cough loose, promotes expectoration, renders the breathing easy, and induces a degree of quiet in the system peculiarly grateful to the patient, after having experienced so many days and nights of restless inquietude and suffering.

It has at least one peculiar advantage over most other articles in common use; it is free from strong opiate, and powerful astringents, which are likely to do great injury to the patient. In the use of this article, the cough never ceases until the cause is removed; hence, when the cough ceases, the patient is well.

Read the following certificate from the Hon. BATES TURNER, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

"I hereby certify that I have been well acquainted with the medicine called 'N. H. DOWNS' Elixir,' for seven years past, and from its effect upon myself, and in cases where I have witnessed its operation, I consider it one of the most fortunate inventions ever made. I am also acquainted with other medicines for coughs, colds, &c., but in my opinion they cannot all compare with this. I have been at the residence of a friend suffering from a severe cold, and have used this article, and in one of which I had the attendance of an able and experienced physician, but whose prescriptions did not suit my case as well as the Elixir. I have recommended it invariably for a number of years past to those afflicted with long-coughs, and believe with good success."

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